

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XI. WEDNESDAY'S POST.

LORD HETHERINGTON was a powerful man, who had great influence in most things, but he could not get his letters delivered at Westhope before eleven o'clock. Not that he had not tried. He had, as he expressed it, "put on all kinds of screws," but he could not manage it, and if he had had to wait for the regular delivery by the walking postman it would have been much later. A groom, however, always attended at the nearest post-town on the arrival of the London mail, and rode over with the Westhope letter-bag, which was unlocked by the butler, and its contents distributed. There was never much curiosity or anxiety about letters exhibited at Westhope, at least amongst the members of the family. Of course young visitors had occasional faint flutterings of interest about a certain portion of their correspondence, but they were too true to the teachings of their order to allow any vulgar signs of excitement to be visible; while the letters received by Lord and Lady Hetherington were too uniformly dull to arouse the smallest spark of emotion in the breast of any one, no matter how excitably inclined. Lady Caroline Mansergh's correspondence was of a different kind. A clever woman herself, she was in the habit of writing to, and receiving letters from, clever people, but they simply contained gossip and small-talk, which might be read at any time, and which, while pleasant and amusing when taken in due course, did not invite any special eagerness for its acquisition. In a general way, Lady Caroline was

quite content to have her letters brought to her in whatever room she might happen to be, but on this Wednesday morning she was seated at the window as the post-bag-bearing groom came riding up the avenue, and a few minutes afterwards she stepped out into the hall, where the butler had the letters out on the table before him, and ran her eye over them.

There it was! that plain, square letter, addressed to him in the firm, plain hand, and bearing the Brocksopp postmark! There it was, his life-verdict, for good or ill. Nothing to be judged of it by its appearance—firm, square, and practical; no ridiculous tremors occasioned by hope or fear could have had anything to do with such a sensible-looking document. What was in it? She would have given anything to know! Not that she seemed to be in the least anxious about it. She had asked where he was, and had been told that he was at work in the library. He was so confident of what Miss Ashurst's answer would be, that he awaited its arrival in the most perfect calmness. Would he be undeceived? Lady Caroline thought not just yet. If the young woman were, as Lady Caroline suspected, playing a double game, she would probably find some excuse for not at once linking her lot with Walter Joyce's—her mother's ill-health seemed expressly suited for the purpose—and would suggest that he should go out first to Berlin, and see how he liked his new employment, returning later in the year, when, if all things seemed convenient, they could be married. She was evidently a clever girl, and these were probably the tactics she would pursue. Lady Caroline wondered whether she was right in her conjecture, and there was the letter, a glance at which would solve her doubts, lying before her! What a ridiculous

thing that people were not allowed to read each other's letters! Her ladyship told the butler to see that that letter was sent at once to Mr. Joyce, who was in the library, expecting it.

The Westhope household was eminently well drilled, and the footman, who handed the letter on the salver to Mr. Joyce, was as respectful as though the secretary were my lord himself. He had heard Lady Caroline's remark to the butler, and had turned the missive over and scrutinised it as he carried it along the passages. The handwriting of the address, though firm, was unmistakably feminine, and the footman, a man of the world, coupling this fact with what he had heard, arrived at the conclusion that the letter was from Mr. Joyce's "young woman." He walked up to Joyce, who was busily engaged in writing, croaked out, "A letter, sir," in the tone usually adopted by him to offer to dinner-guests their choice between hock and champagne, and watched the secretary's manner. Joyce took the letter from the salver, muttered his thanks, and turned back to his work. The footman bowed and left the room with the idea, as he afterwards remarked to the butler, that if his suppositions were correct, the secretary was not "a fellow of much warmth of feelin'; looked at it and put it down by his arm as though it was a bill, he did!"

But when the door had shut behind the retreating figure of the Mercury in plush, Walter Joyce threw down his pen and took up the letter, and pressed it to his lips. Then he opened it, not eagerly indeed, but with a bright light in his eyes, and a happy smile upon his lips. And then he read it. He started at the first line, astonished at the cold tone in which Marian addressed him, but after that he read the letter straight through, without evincing any outward sign of emotion. When he had finished it he paused, and shook his head quickly, as one who has received some stunning blow, and passed his hand rapidly across his brow, then set to work to read the letter again. He had been through it hurriedly before, but this time he read every word, then he pushed the paper from him, and flung himself forward on the desk, burying his face in his hands. Thus he remained during some ten minutes; when he raised himself his face was very white save round the eyes, where the skin was flushed and strained, and his hands trembled very much. He reeled, too, a little when he first stood up, but he soon conquered that, and began silently pacing

the room to and fro. Some time afterwards, when asked to explain what he had felt at that crisis in his life, Joyce declared he could not tell. Not anger against Marian, certainly, no vindictive rage against her who had treated him so basely. His life was spoiled, he felt that; it had never been very brilliant, or very much worth having, but the one ray which had illumined it had been suddenly extinguished, and the future was in utter darkness. He was in the condition of a man who has been stunned, or has fainted, and to whom the recollection of the events immediately engrossing his attention when, as it were, he was last in life, came but slowly. He had but a confused idea of the contents of Marian's letter. Its general tenor of course he knew, but he had to think over the details. The letter was there, lying before him on the desk where he had thrown it, but he seemed to have an odd but invincible repugnance to reading it again. After a somewhat laborious process of thought he remembered it all. She was going to be married to Mr. Creswell—that was it. She could not face a life of poverty, she said; the comforts and luxuries which she had enjoyed for the last few months had become necessary to her happiness, and she had chosen between him and them. She did not pretend to care for the man she was about to marry, she merely intended to make use of him as the means to an end. Poor Marian! that was a bad state for her to be in—poor Marian! She had jilted him, but she had sacrificed herself: he did not know which was the more forlorn out-look.

Yes, it was all over for him! Nothing mattered much now! Copy out anecdotes from the family chronicles, hunt up antiquities and statistics for those speeches with which Lord Hetherington intended to astonish the world in the forthcoming session, settle down as librarian and secretary for as long as this noble family would have him, and when they kicked him out live by literary hack work until he found another noble family ready to receive him in the old capacity for a hundred and fifty pounds a year—why not? He smiled grimly to himself as he thought of the Berlin proposition, and how astonished old Byrne would be when he wrote to decline it, for he should decline it at once. He had thought about it so often and so much, he had allowed his imagination to feast him with such pictures of himself established there with Marian by his side, that he felt utterly unable to face the dark blank

reality, heartbroken and alone. Besides, what motive had he for work now? Experience had taught him that he could always find sufficient press-work in London to keep body and soul together, and what more did he want? What more did—Was it all real, or was he dreaming? Marian! was it all over between him and her? was she no longer his Marian? was he never to see her, to touch her hand, to hold her in his arms, to live in the light of those loving eyes again? He thought of their last conversation and their parting, he thought of his last letter to her, so full of hope and love; so tender of the past, so full of the future; and there, to that, was the reply lying before him announcing her marriage. Her marriage—her sale! She had bartered herself away for fine houses, horses, carriages, dresses; she, daughter of James Ashurst, who had loved her as the apple of his eye, and would as soon have thought of her renouncing her religion as of her breaking her plighted word.

It was odd, he could not explain it; but his thoughts ran more upon her than upon himself. He found himself picturing her as the squire's lady, taking up her position in society, seated at the head of her table receiving her guests, at church in the pew which he recollected so well. He recollected the back of her head and the kneeling figure as he had noticed it Sunday after Sunday when he sat amongst the boys in the school-pew immediately behind her, recollected the little grave bow she would give him as she passed to her seat, and the warm hand-pressure with which she always met him after morning service. His love had lived on that warm hand-pressure for days; hers, it seems, was not so easily nourished. He wondered at himself for the way in which he found himself thinking of her. Had the mere notion of such treatment ever entered his mind he should have been raving, now when the actual fact had occurred he was quiet. He ran through the whole matter in his mind again, pointed out to himself the deception that she had practised on him, the gross breach of faith of which she had been guilty, showed himself plainly how her desertion of him had sprung from the basest motives, not from lack of love for him, not from overweening fancy for another—those were human motives and might be pardoned her—but from mere avarice and mammon-worship. And, after cogitating over all this he felt that he pitied rather than hated

her, and that as to himself, he had not the remotest care what became of him.

A knock at the door, and before he could answer Lady Caroline had entered the room. Joyce was rather pleased than otherwise at the interruption. He had taken her ladyship so far into his confidence that it was impossible to hide from her this last act in the drama, and it was infinitely pleasanter that the explanation should come about here—accidentally, as it were—than that he should have to seek her with his story.

"Good morning, Mr. Joyce!"

"Good morning, Lady Caroline!"

"Mr. Joyce, a triumphal procession, consisting of Lady Hetherington and the new housekeeper, is marching round the house, settling what's to be done in each room between this and the autumn. I confess I have not sufficient strength of mind to be present at those solemn rites, and as this is the only room in the house in which no change ever takes place—save the increase of dust, and lately the acquisition of a *bonâ fide* student—I have taken refuge here, and have brought the Times in order that I may be sure not to disturb you by chattering."

"You will not disturb me in the least, I assure you."

"Why what a dreadfully hollow voice, and—Mr. Joyce!" continued Lady Caroline, changing her tone, "how very unwell you look—so strangely pale and drawn! Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing in the least!" he replied. "You have been good enough to let me talk to you about myself and my hopes and aspirations, Lady Caroline Mansergh. You have probably forgotten"—Ah, man, devoid of the merest accident of worldly grammar—"you have probably forgotten that this is the morning on which I was to expect my answer from Miss Ashurst. It has come! It is here!" and he stooped forward, picked from the table the letter, and handed it to her.

Lady Caroline seemed rather surprised at this mode of proceeding. She took the letter from Walter's hand, but held it unopened before her, and said, "You wish me to read it?"

"If you please," he replied. "There is no other way by which you could exactly comprehend the situation, and I wish you to be made aware of it—and to advise me in it."

Lady Caroline blushed slightly as she heard these last words, but she said nothing,

merely bowed and opened the letter. As she read it, the flush which had died away returned more brightly than before, her eyes could not be seen under their downcast lids, but the brows were knit, the nostrils trembled, and the mouth grew hard and rigid. She read the letter through, twice, then she looked up, and her voice shook as she said, "That is a wicked and base letter, very heartless and very base!"

"Lady Caroline!" interrupted Joyce, appealingly.

"What! do you seek to defend it?—no, not to defend it, for in your own heart you must know I am right in my condemnation of it, but to plead for it. You don't like to hear me speak harshly of it—that's so like a man! I tell you that it is a heartless and an unwomanly letter! 'Deepens the pain with which she writes,' indeed! Deepens the pain! and what about yours? 'It is her nature to love money, and comforts and luxuries, and to shrink from privations!' Her nature! What was she bred to, this duchess?"

In his misery at hearing Marian thus spoken of, since the blow had fallen upon him he had never been so miserable as then, when she was attacked, and he saw the impossibility of defending her. Joyce could not help remarking that he had never noticed Lady Caroline's beauty so much as at that moment, when her eyes were flashing and her ripe lips curling with contempt. But he was silent, and she proceeded:

"She says you are better without her, and, though of course you doubt it, I am mightily disposed to agree with her! I—Mr. Joyce!" said her ladyship, suddenly softening her tone, "believe me, I feel earnestly and deeply for you under this blow! I fear it is none the less severe because you don't show how much you suffer. This—this young lady's decision will, of course, materially affect the future which you had plotted out for yourself, and of which we spoke the last time we were here together?"

"Oh yes, of course,—now I shall—by the way, Lady Caroline, I recollect now—it scarcely impressed me then—that during that conversation you seemed to have some doubts as to what Marian—as to what might be the reply to the letter which I told you I had written?"

"I certainly had."

"And you endeavoured to wean me from the miserable self-conceit under which I was labouring, and failed. I recollect your hints now! Tell me, Lady Caroline, why

was I so blind? What made you suspect?"

"My dear Mr. Joyce, you were blind because you were in love! I suspected, because being merely a looker-on, an interested one, I acknowledge, for I had a great interest in your welfare, but still merely a looker-on, and therefore, according to the old proverb, seeing most of the game, I could not help noticing that the peculiar position of affairs, and the length of time you remained without any news of your fiancée, afforded grave grounds of suspicion."

"Yes!" said poor Walter—"as you say! I am blind! I never noticed that."

"Now, Mr. Joyce," said Lady Caroline, "the question is not with the past, but with the future. What do you intend doing?"

"I have scarcely thought! It matters very little!"

"Pardon my saying that it matters very much! Do you think of taking up this appointment for the newspaper that you spoke of?—this correspondentship in Berlin?"

"No! I think not! I really don't know! I thought of remaining as I am!"

"What! pass the rest of your life in writing Lord Hetherington's letters, and cramming him for speeches which he will never deliver?"

"It is an honest and an easy way of earning a living, at all events."

"Of earning a living! And are you going to content yourself with 'earning your living,' Mr. Joyce?"

"Oh, Lady Caroline, why should I do anything else? The desire for making money has gone from me altogether with the receipt and perusal of that letter! She was the spur that urged me on; my dreams of fame and wealth and position were for her, not for myself, and now—"

"And now you are going to abandon it all, do you mean to tell me that? That you, a young man possessing intellect, and energy, and industry, with a career before you, are about to abandon that career, and to condemn yourself to vegetation—sheer and simple vegetation, mind, not life—merely because you have been grossly deceived by a woman, who, your common sense ought to have told you, has been playing you false for months, and who, as she herself confesses, has all her life rated the worthiness of people as to what they were worth in money? You are clearly not in your right mind, Mr. Joyce. I am surprised at you!"

"What would you have me do, Lady Caroline? You sneer at the notion of my remaining with Lord Hetherington! Surely you would not have me go to Berlin?"

"I never sneer at anything, my dear Mr. Joyce! Sneering shows very bad breeding! I say distinctly that I think you would be mad to fritter away your days in your present position. Nor do I think, under circumstances, you ought to go to Berlin. It would have done very well as a stepping-stone had things turned out differently, but now you would be always drawing odious comparisons between your solitary lot and the 'what might have been,' as Owen Meredith so sweetly puts it."

"Where, then, shall I go?"

"To London! Where else should any one go with a desire to make a mark in the world, and energy and determination to aid him in accomplishing his purpose? And this is your case. Ah, you may shake your head, but I tell you it is! You think differently just now, but when once you are there, 'in among the throngs of men,' you will acknowledge it! Why, when you were there, at the outset of your career, utterly friendless and alone, as you have told me, you found friends and work, and now that you are known, and by a certain few appreciated, do you think it will be otherwise?"

"You are marvellously inspiring, Lady Caroline, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the advice you have given me,—better still for the manner in which you have given it. But, suppose I do go to London, what—in the cant phrase of the day—what am I to 'go in for'?"

"Newspaper writing—what do they call it?—journalism, at first, the profession in which you were doing so well when you came here. That, if I mistake not, will in due course lead to something else, about which we will talk at some future time."

"That is just what I was coming to, Lady Caroline! You will allow me to see you sometimes?"

"I shall be always deeply interested in your welfare, Mr. Joyce, and anxious to know how you progress! Oh, yes, I hope both to see and hear a great deal of you. Besides, Lord Hetherington may feel inclined to take up the *Chronicles* again; he is rather off them just now, I know—and then you can give your successor some very valuable hints!"

When Lady Caroline Mansergh was alone in her own room after this conversation,

she reflected long and deeply upon the effect which the receipt of that letter would probably produce upon Walter Joyce, and was sufficiently interested to analyse her own feelings in regard to it. Was she sorry or glad that the intended match had been broken off, and that Joyce was now, so far as his heart was concerned, a free man? That he was free she was certain; that he would never return to the old allegiance she was positive. Lady Caroline in her worldly experience had frequently come across cases of the kind, where the tender regret which at first forbade any harsh mention, scarcely any harsh thought of the false one, had in a very short time given place to a feeling of mortified vanity and baffled desire, which prompted the frankest outpourings, and made itself heard in the bitterest oburgations. The question was, how it affected her. On the whole, she thought that she was pleased at the result. She did not attempt to hide from herself that she had a certain regard for this young man, though of the nature of that regard she had scarcely troubled herself to inquire. One thing she knew, that it was very different from what she had at first intended it should be, from what in the early days of their acquaintance she had allowed it to be. Of course with such a man flirtation, in its ordinary sense, was out of the question; she would as soon have thought of flirting with the Great Pyramid as with Walter Joyce. In its place there had existed a kind of friendly interest, but Lady Caroline was fully cognisant that, on her side, that friendly interest had been deepening and strengthening until, after a little self-examination, she felt forced to confess to herself that it would bear another name. Then came the question, and if it did, what matter? She had never particularly set herself up as a strict observant of the conventionalities or the fetish worship of Society; on the contrary, her conduct in that respect had been rather iconoclastic. There need be no surprise, therefore, on the part of the world if she chose to marry out of what was supposed to be her "set" and station in Society; and if there had been, she was quite strong-minded enough to laugh at it. But to a woman of Lady Caroline's refinement it was necessary that her husband should be a gentleman, and it was necessary for her pride that, if not her equal in rank, he should not merely be her superior in talent, but should be admitted to be so. Under the fresh disposition of circumstances she saw no reason why this should not be.

Walter Joyce would go to London, would there resume his newspaper occupations, and would probably, as she guessed from occasional hints he had recently let fall, turn his attention more to politics than he had hitherto done. He must be clever, she thought! She knew him to be clever in a woman's notion of cleverness, which was so different to a man's; but he must surely be clever in a man's way too, or they would never have offered him this Berlin appointment, which, according to her notions, required not merely a bright literary style, but in a far greater degree the faculty of observation and knowledge of the world. His experience had been very small, but his natural ability and natural keenness must be great. Granted his possession of these gifts, pushed as he would be by her influence—for she intended to give him some excellent introductions—there was little doubt of his success in life, and of his speedily achieving a position which would warrant her in accepting him—in accepting him? Lady Caroline laughed outright, rather a hard bitter laugh as this idea crossed her mind, at the remembrance that Walter Joyce had never said the slightest word, or shown the smallest sign, that he cared for her as—as she wished to be cared for by him, much less that he ever aspired to her hand. However, let that pass! What was to be, would be, and there was plenty of time to think of such things. Meanwhile, it was decidedly satisfactory that the engagement was broken off between him and that girl, whom Lady Caroline had been accustomed to regard as a simple country wench, a bread-and-butter miss, but who certainly had done her jilting with a coolness and aplomb, worthy of a London beauty in her third season. She would have been a drag on Walter's life; for, although ambitious to a degree, and always wanting to rise beyond her sphere, she would have induced him to persevere at his work, and have encouraged him to great efforts; yet, according to Lady Caroline's idea, fame could not be achieved when a man was surrounded by babies requiring to be fed, and other domestic drawbacks, and had not merely himself but a large family to drag up the hill of difficulty, ere eminence was attained. Now Walter would be really free, even from mental ties, Lady Caroline thought, with a half sigh, and if he were ever to do anything worthy of himself, the beginning at least should be now.

The conversation with Lady Caroline

Mansergh had not merely the effect of diverting Walter Joyce's thoughts from the contemplation of his own unhappiness, for the time being, but rousing within him certain aspirations which he had scarcely ever previously entertained, and which, when they had occasionally arisen in his mind, he had successfully endeavoured to stifle and ignore. No doubt the advice which Lady Caroline had given him was most excellent and should be followed. There was a future before him, and a brilliant one! He would prove to Marian (already his feelings towards her were beginning to change)—he would prove to Marian that his life was not made utterly blank on account of her cruel treatment; on the contrary, he would try and achieve some end and position, such as he would never have aspired to if he had remained in the calm jog-trot road of life he had planned for himself. He would go to London, to old Byrne, and see whether instead of being sent to Berlin he could not be received on the staff of the paper in London, and he would turn his attention to politics: old Byrne would be of immense use to him there, and he would study and work night and day. Anything to get on, anything to become distinguished, to make a name!

His decision once taken, Joyce lost no time in communicating it to Lord Hetherington. He said that circumstances of great family importance necessitated his immediate return to London, and would require all the attention he could bestow on them for many months to come. Lord Hetherington was a little taken aback by the suddenness of the announcement, but as he had always had a kindly feeling towards Joyce, and since the day of the ice accident he had regarded him with especial favour, he put the best face he could on the occasion, and expressed his great regret at his secretary's intended departure. His lordship begged that when Mr. Joyce had any leisure time at his disposal he would call upon him at Hetherington House, where they would be always glad to see him; and Joyce trusted that if ever his lordship thought that he (Joyce) could be useful to him in any way, more especially as connected with the *Chronicles* with which he was so familiar, he would do him the honour to send for him, through Mr. Byrne, who would always know his address. And thus they parted, after the interview, with mutual expressions of goodwill.

This was a little excitement for Lord

Hetherington, who at once started off, so soon as Joyce had left him, to tell her ladyship the news. Lady Hetherington was far more interested in the fact that the secretary had given warning, as she persisted in calling it, than her husband had anticipated. She had always, except when temporarily aroused on the occasion of the accident, been so determined to ignore Mr. Joyce's existence, or had treated him with such marked coldness when compelled to acknowledge it, that his lordship was quite astonished to see how interested she showed herself, how she persisted in cross-questioning him as to what Joyce had stated to be the cause of his leaving, and as to whether he had mentioned it to any other person in the house. On being assured by her husband that he had come straight to her boudoir after parting with the secretary, Lady Hetherington seemed pleased, and strictly enjoined the little lord not to mention it to any one.

They were a very small party at dinner that day, only Mr. Biscoe being present in addition to the members of the family. The conversation was not very brisk, the countess being full of the coming London season, a topic on which Mr. Biscoe, who hated town, and never went near it when he could help it, could scarcely expect to be enthusiastic, Lord Hetherington being always silent, and Lady Caroline on this occasion pre-occupied. But when the cloth was removed, and the servants had left the room, Lady Hetherington, in the interval of playing with a few grapes, looked across at her sister-in-law, and said:

"By the way, Caroline, Lord Hetherington's secretary has given warning!"

"You mean that Mr. Joyce is going away, is that it? I thought so, but you have such a curious way of putting things, Margaret!"

"How should I have put it? I meant exactly what I said!"

"Oh, of course, if you choose to import the phraseology of the servants' hall into your conversation, you are at perfect liberty to do so."

"Anyhow, the fact remains the same. We are to be bereaved of the great secretary! Weren't you astonished when I told you?"

"Not the least in the world!"

"Because you had heard it before?"

"Exactly!"

"From Lord Hetherington?"

"Oh no!" laughed Lady Caroline; "don't scold poor dear West on the idea

that he had anticipated you! I heard it from Mr. Joyce himself."

"Oh, of course you did!" said Lady Hetherington, slightly tossing her head. "Well, of course you're very much grieved. He was such a favourite of yours."

"Just because I like Mr. Joyce very much, or, as you phrase it, because he is a favourite of mine, I'm very pleased to think that he's going away. A man of his abilities is lost in his present position."

"I quite agree with you, Lady Caroline," said Mr. Biscoe. "Sound scholar, Mr. Joyce, clear head, well grounded and quick at picking up—good fellow, too!"

"I'm sure," said Lord Hetherington, "I've grown so accustomed to him I shall feel like—what's-his-name—fish out of water, without him."

"I dare say we shall manage to exist when Mr. Joyce has left us," said the countess; "we scrambled on somehow before, and I really don't see the enormous improvement since he came."

Nobody commented on this, and the conversation dropped. Lady Hetherington was cross and disappointed. She expected to have found her sister-in-law very much annoyed at the fact of Mr. Joyce's departure, whereas, in place of visible grief or annoyance, there was a certain air of satisfaction about Lady Caroline which was dreadfully annoying to the countess.

Two days after, Joyce left for London, Marian's letter, on Lady Caroline's advice, and in accordance with his own feelings, remaining without notice.

HOROLOGY.

WHAT should we do without clocks and watches? Is there anything comparable to the misery of being benighted on a country road with a watch that has stopped in one's waistcoat pocket, and not a clock within view to tell one the time? The sun has set, every minute's tramping on the dusky, murky road seems as an hour. We have a train to catch, a dinner to be in time for, or a district meeting to attend, at which it won't do to be late. On ordinary occasions, when cool and collected, we might be able to compute the time, but in straits like these our reckoning deserts us. It may be five, or six, or seven, for all we know; we should not be surprised to hear it was eight. Our notions get muddled, and on we trudge, breathless, nervous, and irritable; pretty certain, too, to find in the end that we have been fretting ourselves for nothing.

But it is of no use asking how we should get on without clocks and watches. The timepiece may almost be said to be the mainspring of

civilisation. It is so intimately connected with all our wants, it is so completely the regulator of all our occupations, that we have become, as it were, its slaves; and we can no more imagine a state of social existence without it, than we can imagine birds flying without wings, or any other thing that is totally impossible.

The first people who appear to have allotted the day into portions were the Assyrians, who invented the water clock, at a period too remote for precise calculation. All we know for certain is, that the apparatus existed before the overthrow of the first Assyrian empire by Arbaces and Belesis, in the year 759 B.C., for we find by the tradition of early Persian authors that the use of it was general in Nineveh under the reign of Phul, better known as Sardanapalus the Second, the first monarch of the second Assyrian empire. This water clock was nothing more than a brass vessel of cylindrical shape, holding several gallons of water. A very small hole was bored in one of its sides, through which the liquid was allowed to trickle; and it was calculated that the vessel could empty itself about five or six times in a day. Under the reign of Phul, the royal palace of Nineveh, and each of the principal districts of the city, possessed a water clock of the same shape and capacity. They were filled together, or as nearly as possible together, at the signal of a watchman stationed aloft on a tower to proclaim the rising of the sun, and they remained all day in the keeping of officials, whose business it was to fill them as soon as they became empty. There was a regular staff of criers employed in connexion with each of the time offices, and as often as the water clocks were replenished they spread through the streets shouting out the fact for the benefit of the townspeople. In this way a sort of rough computation of the flight of time was held. The intervals between the filling and emptying of the vessels were called "watches," and were, probably, of two hours or two hours and a half's duration. But it is hard to suppose that the water clocks kept very steady pace with each other; the difficulty of making by hand vessels of exactly the same size, of drilling them with holes of precisely the same diameter, and of supplying them with water of just the same density, must have given rise to even more irregularity in the working of these machines than exists at present in the movements of our city clocks: those clocks of which Charles Lamb said that they allowed him to walk from the Strand to Temple Bar in no time, and gain five minutes!

The water clock, or clepsydra, continued to remain in its primitive condition for many centuries; and it was not until the invention of the sun-dial at Alexandria, five hundred and fifty-eight years before Christ, that it underwent any improvement. About that time, however, an Egyptian, of Memphis, added a dial with a hand to the clepsydra. The hand revolved on a pivot, and communicated with a string which was fastened to a float. As the water leaked out, the float fell with it, and the

tension of the string caused the hand to move round with slight spasmodic jerks, something like those of the second-hand on a watch of inferior make. This reform, meritorious enough in theory, proved somewhat deficient in practice; for the old difficulty about getting the clocks to keep step was doubled or trebled when the system became complicated with dial, needle, string, and float. To ensure simultaneous acting, the string or wire of the different clocks ought to have been of the same length and force; the needles also ought to have been of a size and set on pivots exactly similar in point of height and circumference. And when all this had been obtained, there was still the question as to how to make float and string, string and needle, act in perfect unison. Often, through rust, or some other cause, the needle must have proved obdurate to the faint tug of the string, and the float, in consequence, have remained suspended in mid air; whereupon, of course, the dial became mute, and Egyptians, who disliked innovations, must have shrugged their shoulders. But, notwithstanding its drawbacks, the improvement was a very valuable one, if for no other reason than that it prepared the way for further changes, and led to the perfecting of the clepsydra by the substitution of a system of dented wheels for that already in use. The wheels were set at work on the water-mill principle, and the addition of a second needle to the dial allowed the clock to mark the fractions of the different "watches." This was the *ne plus ultra* as far as the clepsydra was concerned; it dates from two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and Egypt, which had become the great mart of the new timepieces, exported them to the different countries of the East as rare curiosities, and at fabulous prices. When Pompey returned to Rome, in the year sixty-two before Christ, from triumphing over Tigranes, Antiochus, and Mithridates, one of the most valuable trophies he brought with him from the treasures of the King of Pontus was a clepsydra, marking the hours and minutes according to the method of horology in use at Rome. The cylinder which served as receptacle for the water was of gold, as was also the dial-plate. The hands were studded with small rubies, and each of the cyphers that denoted the twenty-four hours was cut out of a sapphire. It must have been of enormous size, for the cylinder only needed replenishing once a day. The Romans had never seen anything like it, and when Pompey caused it to be set up in the chief hall of the Capitol, it needed a strong guard of soldiers to protect it against the indiscreet curiosity of the mob.

We come now to those ages of total darkness which followed the overthrow of the Roman Empire, when science, art, and everything that was refined fell into contempt and oblivion. The barbarians who conquered the imperial city had very primitive modes of marking the course of time. They knew nothing about hours and minutes; they had not sense enough to invent water-clocks, and sun-dials, even had

they been acquainted with them, would have served them but little in lands such as theirs, where the sun only shone on rare occasions, and where cold, fog, and rain held sway for half the year. However, it was necessary that they should know when to prepare their meals of half-cooked meat, when to gather in circles to listen to the preaching of their druids, and when to relieve the sentries who mounted guard on the outskirts of their settlements; and so this is what they imagined. At the break of dawn, when the chieftain of the camp or village rose, a boy-slave came and took up his position at the entrance of his hut, and sat down with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the other empty, before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, and not too fast, from the first helmet to the second; after which he surrendered his turn to some one else, who repeated the operation, and so on till dusk. As the helmets were mostly very big, and the pebbles, on the contrary, very small, the process of emptying must have taken a good two hours. It is probable, therefore, that the days of these Franks and Norsemen, Teutons and Vandals, were divided, like those of the Assyrians, into six parts or watches. As soon as a helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up around, and men knew that dinner time had come.

But this was not the only method of marking the time. There were other ways, which differed according to the locality and the various pursuits of the people. In peasant districts, the labourer reckoned by the number of furrows he could plough, or, if it was harvest time, by the quantity of corn he could reap. In towns, where some faint remnant of Roman civilisation survived, the reckoning was kept by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started on foot (or, if the town was a large one, on horseback) to walk round the city. When he had gone his round, the first watch was over; and he returned to his quarters blowing loud on a trumpet, whilst a second soldier set out in silence to perform the second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day and night, the only difference being that after sunset there was no trumpet blowing, and that the watchmen, instead of proceeding singly, went their rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.

Finally, as a last instance of barbarous chronometry, we may allude to the method employed in monasteries, the first of which, founded by St. Benedict, was instituted at the beginning of the sixth century (A.D. 523). The monks were in the habit of computing time by the number of prayers they could gabble, and it was hence that the custom of wearing chaplets of beads arose. The task assigned to each monk was to recite as many "paters" and "aves" as there were beads on his string, and as the orthodox number on a chaplet was supposed to be then, as it is now, thirty-three—that is, one for each year of our Saviour's life—there was work for a full hour and a half, if

conscientiously performed. As in the case of the urban watchmen, one monk was relieved by another, and the termination of each "vigil" was notified to the community by the tolling of the chapel bell. We may add that this custom continues unaltered in certain monastic establishments. In monasteries of a severe order there is no such thing as a clock to be seen. The only timekeepers are the shorn, becowled monks, kneeling in perpetual adoration.

A century after the final overthrow of the Roman Empire, the habit of reckoning by hours and minutes had completely disappeared from Western Europe. One by one every vestige of art and science disappeared, and, had it not been for the kingdoms of the East, which kept the flame of science just flickering whilst the West was in darkness, our present system of horology would have fallen into complete abeyance. It was the famous Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun-al-Raschid, who restored the old water clock to Europe. In the year 807 he sent a magnificent clepsydra as a token of friendship to Charlemagne; but it seems that the present was looked upon as a thing to be rather admired than copied, for we find no mention of any water clocks of French make until the reign of Philip, contemporary of William the Conqueror. Perhaps the reason of this is that the sand-glass (sablier) had been invented in France shortly before the accession of Charlemagne, and that this last contrivance was judged more handy and simple than the other. The first sablier was made by the same man who re-invented the blowing of glass, after the secret had been lost for some centuries. He was a monk of Chartres, named Luitprand, and the sand-glass he made was the exact prototype of all those that have been manufactured since. It consisted of two receptacles of pear-like shape joined by their slender ends. When the sand had all run out from one into the other, the lower glass was turned uppermost and kept in that position till empty. Shortly after he had received the gift of Haroun-al-Raschid, Charlemagne caused a monster sablier to be made with the horal divisions marked on the outside by thin lines of red paint. This was the first *hour-glass*. It required to be turned over once only in twelve hours, and, if it was blown with anything like the care which modern hour-glasses are, it must have kept time with as much precision as the best of lever clocks. Indeed, it is not rare to hear people declare, even now-a-days, that the hour-glass is the best timepiece that was ever invented.

Whilst France was thus showing to the front in matters of science, Old England, with true conservative instinct, was still marking time in a host of antiquated, inconvenient ways. Neither did our ancestors betray any greater disposition to adopt the French inventions than we do in these days, when it is a question of taking up some good reform that comes to us from abroad. King Alfred, who reigned from 872 to 900, must certainly have heard speak of the hour-glass; it is even very probable that he possessed one of his own, for the monks and

pilgrims, who were continually travelling to and fro between England and France, would not have allowed a whole century to elapse, without bringing a specimen of the new invention to this country. And yet Alfred devised a method of computing time by means of a rushlight set in a lantern. Anything more unsatisfactory and more expensive than this it was impossible to imagine. A rushlight, in those days, must have cost two or three pence of our money; and, as the process of refining tallow had not then been discovered, there were no means whatever of reckoning how long one of these luminaries would take in burning. One might very well flicker and splutter for an hour, whilst a second was just as likely to flame away in ten minutes. It was not till the reign of Edward the Confessor (1041-1066) that the use of the hour-glass became pretty general in England; and the first water clock seen in this kingdom was one brought from France by Richard Cœur de Lion, a few years before he ascended the throne.

We must now skip two centuries, during which horology made no sensible progress, and come to the reign of Charles the Fifth of France, when the first real clock was set up. This was in the year 1374. The maker was one Henri de Vic, an Arab, who had been converted to Christianity. This clock was a monster machine, weighing five hundredweight. It was moved by weights, was possessed of an horizontal lever, and provided with a bell to toll the time. There is a full description of it in Froissart. It was put up in the round tower of the royal palace (now the Palais de Justice), and attracted enormous crowds every day for several months after it had been erected. The maker received a pension of a hundred crowns of gold for life, and was ennobled. He is the first artificer upon whom this distinction was ever conferred in France.

From this time the making of large clocks for public edifices was carried on very extensively over Europe; but it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that small clocks were made for apartments. The first we know of came from Florence, in 1518, as a present from Julio di Medici (afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh) to Francis the First of France. It was also in this same sixteenth century that horology was first applied to astronomical calculations by Purbach, in 1500. In 1560, the Danish astronomer, Tycho-Brahe, the teacher of the great Kepler, set up in his magnificent observatory of Craniesburg a clock which marked both the minutes and the seconds.

The invention of watches had preceded by a few years that of small clocks. Our ideas of a primitive watch are always associated with a turnip; but it was not until the seventeenth century, when the Scotchman, Graham, invented the cylindrical escapement, that watches assumed this respectable but inconvenient shape. At first they affected all sorts of fancy forms, such as those of acorns, olives, walnuts, and crosses. They cost fabu-

lous sums of money, and were generally worn as pendants hanging by a gold chain from ladies' bracelets. Claude, wife of Francis the First, had one so small that it was set in a ring.

Popular tradition ascribes the invention of watches to Peter Hele of Nuremberg, in the year 1490. But then it is a notorious fact that King Robert of Scotland possessed one, so far back as the year 1310. The only way in which we can account for this discrepancy is by the supposition that watches were originally invented by a Scotchman, but that the maker died suddenly without promulgating his secret. German watches were not introduced at the English court until 1597. The first seen in England was worn by the beautiful Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is to Hugens of Zulichem that the greatest, we might almost say the last, progress in the art of horology is due. But Hugens only caught up an idea that had first occurred to the great Galileo. Every one knows the story of the lamp suspended to the vault of the cathedral of Pisa, the oscillation of which caused the astronomer to reflect that the isochronal movements of pendulums might well be applied to the measuring of time. Galileo was only a boy when he stood watching the cathedral lamp swing; but many years after, that is in 1630, the thought came into his head again, and he drew up a plan on paper for the making of a pendulum clock. His invention went no further, however, and the honour of putting his theories into practice was reserved for Hugens, who, in 1657, forwarded to the States General of Holland the description of a timepiece, constructed on the new principles. Its perfection lay in the introduction of the pendulum and of the spiral main-spring. The name of Hugens deserves to be remembered, for his pendulum clock is the most admirable and yet most simple machine that has ever been invented.

The invention of spring pocket watches, such as we now wear, is owing to the Englishman Hooke, it dates from 1658; and eighteen years after this, in the year 1676, the first repeating watch was made at Amsterdam. From this time until the present century, when chronometers and stop-watches were invented, the science of horology received no further developments; neither do we well see how it can receive any, unless some future Hele or some future Hugens discover a method of making clocks go by electricity without giving us the trouble of winding.

In these days it is a mooted point as to which is the best country in which to buy a watch or clock. In the last century it was universally admitted that the watches of Geneva were unrivalled, whilst the sculptured wooden-case clocks made in the Hartz mountains of Germany had the reputation of being the surest goers, as well as the most valuable in point of artistic merit. Now-a-days, however, Geneva, from wishing to make too cheaply, has somewhat lost her prestige for making well, and Swiss watches have come to be looked upon with some disfavour, especially in England. The battle

seems to lie now by general consent between France and Great Britain; our neighbours priding themselves upon the exquisite beauty of their ladies' watches, whilst we, on the contrary, carry off the palm for the soundness and finish of our men's watches. But there is one branch of horology in which the French cannot even attempt to compete with us, and that is in the making of chronometers. English chronometers are held incomparable the whole world over, and this is no wonder when we remember the severe tests to which all official chronometers (that is those used in Her Majesty's Navy) are subjected before they are approved by the sign-manual of the Astronomer Royal. All naval chronometers have undergone a probationary stage of six months, a year, and in some cases two years, at the Greenwich Observatory, before receiving their licence to go over the seas. During this time they are submitted to a whole series of scientific experiments, comprising all possible changes of temperature, ordeal by fire, and ordeal by water. So that it may well be said when one of them passes the examination, that the man who has made it deserves something better than the title of mechanic; he should take rank as an artist, and a first-rate artist too.

In conclusion, we may remark that the Greenwich Observatory is often a depository for other chronometers than those which are intended for the fleet. Conscientious makers send the chronometers they intend for the public to be tested there before offering them for sale; and we should advise anybody about to purchase one of these valuable time-keepers to insist on the Greenwich mark upon it, as he would for the Hall mark if buying silver plate. It is well to be always on the safe side.

LOTS OF MONEY.

It is a common notion among the poor and struggling that it is a fine thing to be rich; and that if wealth is not happiness, it is a very near approach to it. Doubtless it is a good thing to be rich, if the rich person knows the value of riches, and turns them to a proper account, for his own advantage, and that of his family, his friends, and his fellow-creatures. Doubtless, too, it is a very sad thing to be poor, to endure cold, hunger, and nakedness; or to owe debts which one cannot pay. But when the mass of people come to the conclusion that, as a rule, the rich are much happier than the poor, and that the poor have no compensation for the hardship of their lot, and the rich no drawbacks on the luxury of theirs—an error of serious consequence to their own well-being takes possession of their minds, and leads to that worst kind of idolatry, money-worship, and that worst kind of heresy, that it is everybody's duty to get rich.

In the course of a not very long life I have known the histories of many persons who had, to use the common phrase, "lots

of money"—money that they either acquired by speculation, by industry, or successful commerce, or that they had inherited from their ancestors. Out of seven such people whose histories I knew, five were either very miserable in their minds, disappointed in their hopes, or would gladly have exchanged all their money for something that poor people had, but which unkind Fate had not bestowed upon them. The first of these little histories is that of a gentleman who had acquired a million of money, at least, by successful commerce, and was able to retire in the prime of life and strength, and marry for love, a young lady, well-born, accomplished, and beautiful. The world was fair before them. They had a town house and a country house, and a shooting box in the Highlands. They had a large library, and a picture gallery, carriages and horses, and a yacht. They had troops of friends, and the respect of everybody who knew them. They were hospitable and charitable, and adorned every society into which they entered. But they were not altogether happy after the first two or three years of their wedded life. Not that their love diminished, but Fortune, which had given them so much, did not give them everything. The gentleman desired an heir to his estates, and the lady, with a large maternal heart, desired a child, for the sake of a child; and the blessed boon, for which she would have been so grateful and so happy, was denied her. Beggars came to her gate with twins in their arms, and she sometimes thought that such beggars were happier than she; at last the sight of an infant would so excite her envy, and would so deeply impress her with the sense of loneliness, and of undeserved misery, as to produce paroxysms of passionate hysteria.

Another little story is that of a successful manufacturer, but rude, unlettered, and without much mental resource to help him to pass away his time, who retired from business at the age of sixty, and built himself a splendid mansion—he called it a castle—on the shore of a lovely lake, in the Highlands of Scotland, far away from the highways of travel, in order that his aristocratic seclusion might not be invaded by tourists, or desecrated by the plebeian rail and the whiz of the democratic locomotive. When the "castle" was furnished, and his grounds were laid out to his order, he suddenly discovered that he had nothing to do, or to occupy his time. He was no company to himself, and he and his wife were mentally as opposed to each other as vinegar and oil. Friends and acquaintances occasionally came to visit him; but he lived too far out of the beaten track, to expect visits from any but idlers, and what the Scotch call "sorners," and as his conversation was not amusing, and he never lent or gave away money, even such waifs and strays from the great fold of humanity seldom ventured into his remote seclusion. He was too proud to go back to the great city and recommence business, which might have been the best thing for him to have

done under the circumstances. So he continued to dwell in his mountain fortress, without an object in life, or any amusement that he cared about. He had nothing to do but to fish, or to shoot, and he cared nothing for either of these modes of pastime. After about six months of it, he ordered a boat upon the lake, to go, as he said, fishing for salmon. Unobserved by any one, he put an old grindstone into the boat, and a few yards of rope line, and rowed himself away to the middle of the lake. He was never seen again alive. The boat drifted on shore without him in the evening, and three days afterwards his body was drawn from the bottom of the lake, with the grindstone tied round its neck.

The third little story is equally suggestive. A very hard-working professional man, careful, prudent, abstemious, but somewhat eccentric, retired from busy life with thirty thousand pounds: in order, as he said, to enjoy himself, and pass the evenings of his life in the mild radiance of the setting sun. It could not be said of him that he had no resources in his mind, for he was learned, witty, fond of books, music, and pictures; and he was happily married. All his friends (and he had many) to whom his harmless eccentricities and real kindness of heart, concealed under a brusque manner, were sources of attraction, anticipated for him many years of learned leisure and calm domestic happiness. But it was not to be. A serious, and as it proved, a fatal illness overtook him, before, as he expressed it, "he had been three months out of business." He did not suffer much, and by no means anticipated a fatal termination to his malady. After ten days' confinement to his room, he was somewhat alarmed by the grave face and demeanour of his usually hearty and cheerful medical attendant. "I think," said the latter, "that it is my duty to recommend to you, if you have any worldly affairs to settle, that you should settle them." The patient sprang up in the bed. "Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that I am dying?" "Oh, no!" said the doctor, kindly, "I hope not; and I trust that many happy years are in store for you. Still, if there is any matter of business for you to settle, settle it. Life is always uncertain; and it is best to be prepared for all contingencies." "Doctor," said the sick man, "you cannot deceive me. You think I am dying, and you do not like to tell me the truth. Well! I have toiled, and struggled, and screwed, and saved, for forty years, and thought that at the last I was going to enjoy myself for a little while before the end. And now you tell me I am dying. All I can say is, that it is a—." He added two words that were very tragic, very comic, very lamentable, very unrepeatable; turned his face to the wall; and never spoke more.

Fourth on my list of the unhappy rich, is a gentleman who retired, at the age of fifty, from a large and prosperous business, with the expectation that his share of the partnership would amount to half a million sterling. This

expectation was not realised. On a settlement of accounts, and a valuation of the assets between him and his partners, it was found that his share fell a little, but not much, short of two hundred thousand pounds. This was a grievous disappointment to him. All his life, from very early youth, he had overworked his weary brain. He had been unwisely eager to grow rich, and had overtaken the energies both of his body and mind, in the attempt to build up a fortune, and to become the founder of a family, that should rank among the first in the county in which he resided. He loved wealth for its own sake, and with a love beyond reason. Though a clear fortune of two hundred thousand pounds, or even half of the money, would seem to most men something to be grateful for, and to be well enjoyed and well secured, it did not seem so to this greedy man, who had made money his idol, and the only object of reverence in the world. His brain was weakened by the hard work expended in making and taking care of this magnificent, but to him, disappointing sum, and he brooded so much over the failure to reach the half million he had so long calculated upon amassing, that symptoms of aberration of intellect were soon apparent to his family. His brain softened, and in less than a twelvemonth after the winding up of his partnership his mind was wholly gone, and it became necessary to place him under the protection of keepers, who attended upon him night and day, and never suffered him out of their presence, lest he should do himself a mischief. His life became a blank. It did not appear that he knew whether he was rich or poor—free or restrained—ill or well—and in this state he remained for many months, and died.

My last rich man—a very rich man he was—an owner, not of hundreds of thousands, but of millions—was not unhappy, but was, on the contrary, cheerful, and happier than most men are permitted to be in this world. But strange to say his happiness arose, not from his real wealth, but from his imaginary poverty. At the close of a long, honourable, and useful life, he took it into his head that the world had entered into a conspiracy to reduce him to pauperism, and that he should end his days in the workhouse. It was in vain to argue the point with him. His faith was fixed and settled. He came to the conviction—though the possessor of millions—that he was de jure and de facto, a pauper, and reduced in his old age to labour for his daily bread. When he consulted his son, who was to be the inheritor of his vast wealth, what was best to be done under these unhappy circumstances, the son, acting under medical advice, offered to settle a handsome annuity upon his father. The pride of the old gentleman was roused:

"No! no," he said, "give me employment. I am still hale and hearty. I have always taken great pleasure in gardening. Make me your gardener, and I will do my duty like a man; and I will owe no other man anything, except my thanks to you, my dear son, for giving me

employment such as it is consistent with my self-respect to accept. And mind you, I will accept no more than the usual wages, and no less." Still acting under medical advice, the son humoured the harmless delusion of the father, and paid him regularly his weekly wages. At last the old man died, happy that he could earn his honest bread to the last, and happier still, in the consciousness that he had so good a son.

Wealth is a great and a good thing; but who would part with his nose for any amount of it? Or with his eyesight? Or with the use of his limbs? Or with his reason? Not I! And not anybody to whom the rational enjoyment of wealth is better than wealth itself.

A CLUSTER OF LYRICS.

OCCULT SYMPATHIES. THE FIRST IDEA.

If Nature knew my sorrow
Would she borrow
My sad song?
Or if she knew my pleasures,
Would her measures
Lilt along?

Not at all! Oh, not at all!
Nature is no man's thrall,
The bird sings in the air,
And knows not of our care.
The wind amid the trees
Makes its own melodies.

What signifies to them our happiness or woe?
Let the hoarse billows roar! Let the wild breezes blow!

THE SECOND IDEA.

Not so, grave moraliser,
Be thou wiser;
And so learn,
That we ourselves to Nature
Give the feature
And the plan.

She pranks her in our guise,
And lives but in our eyes.
If you and I are glad,
The bells ring merry mad:
If we are grieved at heart,
The skies their gloom impart;

And winds among the trees, and waves upon the shore
Sound sadly, ever sadly—sadly evermore!

THE GOURD AND THE PALM. A PERSIAN FABLE.

"How old art thou?" said the garrulous gourd,
As o'er the palm tree's crest it poured
Its spreading leaves and tendrils fine,
And hung a bloom in the morning shine.
"A hundred years!" the palm tree sighed:
"And I," the saucy gourd replied;
"Am at the most a hundred hours,
"And overtop thee in the bowers!"

Through all the palm tree's leaves there went
A tremor as of self-content.

"I live my life," it, whispering, said;
"See what I see, and count the dead.
And every year, of all I've known,
A gourd above my head has grown,
And made a boast, like thine to-day;
Yet here I stand—but where are *they*?"

BEAUTIFUL IN OLD AGE.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes, and pigments,
Not by washes for your hair.
While you're young be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controll'd,
Walk, and work, and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow white locks are fair as golden,
Grey as lovely as the brown,
And the smile of age more pleasant
Than a youthful beauty's frown.
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen! be these your maxims,
When you're sixty you'll rejoice!

NATIVE TRIBES OF NEW MEXICO.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

AMONG the Pimas the productions are chiefly maize, wheat, beans, melons, pumpkins, onions, chilli Colorado (red pepper), &c.; they own a small quantity of stock, horned cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, mules, and poultry. They rely, however, for support chiefly upon agricultural productions, milk, and eggs. So much in excess are their productions above their requirements, that they dispose annually of more than a million bushels of grain to the government agents, at from four to six cents a pound, which, in our money, is nearly twopence. They used to grow cotton, but now they find it far easier to buy the few goods they require. Major Emory, of the United States regular army, was, I believe, the first American to visit this people in 1846, when, as Lieutenant Emory, he took charge of a military reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego on the Pacific. He thus describes the scene: "We had no sooner encamped, eight or nine miles from the Pimas villages, than we met a Maricopa Indian looking for his cattle. The frank confident manner in which he approached us was a strange contrast to that of the suspicious Apaches. Some six or eight of the Pimas came up soon after at full speed, to ascertain who we were and what we wanted. They told us that the first trail we had seen along the river was that of their people, sent to watch the movements of their enemies, the Apaches. Their joy was unaffected at seeing that we were Americans and not Apaches, and word to that effect was immediately sent back to the chief. Although the nearest villages were nine miles distant, our camp in three hours was filled with Pimas loaded with corn, beans, honey, and water-melons, so that a brisk trade was opened at once. Their mode of approach was perfectly frank and unsuspecting; many would leave their packs in our camp and be absent for hours, theft seeming to be unknown to them. On reaching the villages we were at once impressed with the beauty, order, and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Maize,

wheat, and cotton are the crops raised by this peaceful and intelligent race of people; all had just been gathered in, and the stubbles showed that they had been luxurious. The cotton was picked and stacked for drying on the tops of the sheds. The fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about two hundred by one hundred feet, for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks, wattled with willow and mezquite, and in this particular are an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all.

"In front of each dome-shaped hut is usually a large arbour, on the top of which is piled the cotton in the pod for drying. To us it was a rare sight to be thrown in the midst of a large tribe of what is termed wild Indians, surpassing many of the Christian nations in agriculture, little behind them in useful arts, and immeasurably before them in honesty and virtue. During the whole of yesterday our camp was full of men, women, and children, who sauntered amongst our packs unwatched, and not a single instance of theft was reported.

"I saw a woman seated on the ground under the shade of one of the cotton sheds; her left leg was tucked under her seat, and her foot turned sole upwards; between her big toe and the next was a spindle about eighteen inches long, with a single fly of four or six inches. Ever and anon she gave it a twist in a dexterous manner, and at its end was drawn a coarse cotton thread. This was their spinning jenny. Led on by this primitive display, I asked for their loom, by pointing to the thread and then to the blanket girt about the woman's loins. A fellow stretched in the dust sunning himself, rose up leisurely and untied a bundle which I had supposed to be a bow and arrows. This little package, with four stakes placed in the ground, was the loom. He laid open his cloth, and commenced the process of weaving."

The pottery manufactured by the Pimas varies in colour from red to dark brown; the articles made are limited to those which are absolutely necessary for domestic purposes. They consist of ollas or vases of every size, the largest containing about two pailfuls, the smallest half a pint; jars with small apertures resembling bottles, and basins of different sizes and shapes, from a milkpan to a saucer. All are more or less ornamented, and painted with black lines arranged in geometrical figures.

The basket-work is the most meritorious of all their native arts, for although the

baskets are made only of willow twigs or of grass, so closely are they woven that liquids are placed in them as a matter of course, and seldom a drop escapes through the sides. A wicker rim is always fastened at the bottom, by which the larger baskets can be carried on the head like the vases, and the smaller ones can stand securely on the floor. They are of all sizes, and together with the pottery, form the great articles of exchange between this people and other tribes, the Mexicans being about the best customers of all. Their only native weapons are bows and arrows, but they readily adopt all modern appliances either in the shape of fire-arms or implements of agriculture. The United States government has, through its agents, supplied to them a considerable quantity of the latter during the last few years, by which means the annual produce of their farms has been greatly increased. As the ground is soft and friable, hoes, spades, and shovels are more in vogue than ploughs, and when one part of the valley shows signs of exhaustion they give it rest, repair the old acequias which had previously been abandoned, and thus bring a reinvigorated patch of waste land again under cultivation.

Altogether, I may safely say that the present state of these industrious people is very satisfactory. Want is unknown amongst them; they are happy and contented; they are of great assistance to the colonists as well as to the government, for they help to confine the Apaches to their mountain retreats, and they supply the emigrants and troops with large quantities of corn. By the table of population already given, it will be seen that the women and children form a very fair proportion of the population; as for the latter, my friend Colton tells me that the whole valley swarms with them, and that these little monkeys are as full of fun as they can be. All this is encouraging, and leads us to hope that this people may escape the general destruction which, in North America especially, has fallen upon the aboriginal tribes with the advance of the Anglo-Saxon race. That so desirable a consummation should be attained, two things are absolutely necessary:

First, that the government should make their lands by law inalienable.

Secondly, that the high standard of morality which has ever been remarkable amongst the Pimas and their neighbours, the Pueblo Indians, should not be broken down by any close intercourse with white men and their fire-water.

A word or two now about the Papagos.

The Papago country is large in extent, but for the most part a complete desert. It comprises all the country south of the Rio Gila, which lies between the head of the Gulf of California and that extensive Cordillera of which the Sierra Catarina forms the most westerly range, and extends for some fifty to a hundred miles into Sonora. All over this tract, wherever there happens to be a stream, a spring, or a little marsh amongst the barren rock hills which thrust their peaks above the parched and friable ground, or any spot favourably suited for tank irrigation, there you are very likely to find a little colony of Papagos, living in huts similar in all respects to those of the Pimas. I have been through their desolate country, and visited many of their villages, and I feel convinced that the hard struggle they have ever had with nature to support life in such a region, has done much to develop the energy and manliness of character peculiar to the tribe. As a race, they are the finest specimens of man, *physically*, I have ever seen; on one occasion I met five of them at a ranch, and not one of the party measured less than six feet two inches. If they were not so very dark in complexion, their features would be pleasing, for they have the steady, intelligent eye, and straightforward manners of their more northern brethren, the Pimas. The most interesting point about them, however, is their mode of life. Like the Jaqui Indians of Southern Sonora, they very willingly leave their homes at certain seasons to gain a livelihood elsewhere. They own flocks and herds in considerable quantities, and they keep large droves of horses, or rather ponies. It is probable that a number of their villages, especially those supplied only by artificial tanks, are uninhabitable, from want of water, for a great part of the year, so that they are obliged to migrate, to support themselves and their stock during the droughts; be that as it may, they have become the greatest traders and the most industrious people to be found in the country. When the time for leaving their little patches of cultivated ground around the villages has arrived, some pack their merchandise, consisting chiefly of baskets and pottery similar to those made by the Pimas, on their ponies, and go down to Sonora to trade with the Mexicans, driving their stock with them to pasture in the comparatively fertile valleys to the southward. Others travel immense distances over the great Sonora Desert to the Gulf of California, and particularly to some salt

lakes about a hundred miles west of Altar, where they lay in a stock of salt and sea-shells, and then return to trade with the Indians on the Colorado, or the Pimas on the Gila; or to sell the salt to the Mexicans on the eastern side of their country. Others, who have no merchandise to sell or ponies to trade with, go to the settlements and ranches from Tucson southward, and willingly hire themselves out as field labourers or miners. They work well for the Americans, and receive usually a dollar a day, which is certainly not bad wages. Then when the time for planting comes round, they all return again to their own homes in the desert.

The Pimas resisted sternly all attempts made by the Jesuits or Franciscans to convert them, and are now so diffident on religious subjects, that they will not discuss them, or give any information respecting their belief; the Papagos, however, probably from the close intercourse which they have so long kept up with the Mexicans, are, to all appearance, most devout Roman Catholics. The cathedral of the tribe is the last relic left of the Papago mission of San Xaviere del Bac, and is situated on the Rio de Santa Cruz.

Intercourse with the Mexicans has also much modified their mode of dress, for the men usually wear wide straw sombreros of home manufacture, moccasins, buckskin gaiters, a breech cloth of cotton, and a snow-white cotton blanket thrown gracefully across the chest. The women wear petticoats, and neither sex seems to affect ornaments or paint. The number of villages scattered throughout the land of the Papagos is about nineteen, and the population of the entire tribe probably reaches four thousand, of which three thousand live north of the Mexican boundary line, and perhaps one thousand south of it. So effectively do the warriors protect their homes that the Apaches never have the courage to penetrate far into their country, although they have quite depopulated the Mexican settlements bordering it on the east.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

ONE of the most singular men who has ever appeared in the world of music and of musical literature has passed away, at the age of sixty-six. This was Hector Berlioz. If he did not even reach the allotted period of three score years and ten, it may have been because his life was somewhat prematurely consumed by emotions, ambitions, and disappointments. They were to be read in every line of a face never to be forgotten by those who can read faces, in every line which came from his pen. The story

of the life of Berlioz is a sad one—a story of defiance, followed by bitterness; but it is a story well worth being narrated, and taken to heart by every one concerned in such excitements as those to which his existence was devoted. A man more gifted (under restriction), and more perverse (without restriction), could hardly be named as belonging to that company of unhappy musicians which includes the names of such sufferers as Beethoven, Schumann, and Böhner. There are few, if any, survivors who can be distressed by the leading facts of his life being recounted plainly, yet in all tenderness to an unhappy man whose restless life has closed.

He was born, say the French obituary notices, at the Côte Saint André (department of L'Isère) on the 11th of December, 1803. His father, a physician of repute, tried to coerce or persuade the boy to embrace his own profession. It was all in vain. The boy had no vocation for "the healing art"—some instincts, obviously, for Music, but neither that patient and persistent humility, nor that brilliancy of instinctive genius, out of either of which a great career may be made. The extreme crudity of his first compositions is warrant for the slenderness of his knowledge no less than his audacity. And yet we are assured that, on his escape to Paris, he studied under that most formal of theorists, Reicha. For a time, we now learn, he figured as a chorister at the Opéra Comique, probably enduring much privation. He gained admittance to the Conservatoire in 1826. After producing his overture to *Waverley* and a portentous piece of pompous cacophony, the symphony entitled *Episode dans la vie d'un Artiste*, he put forth a cantata on the subject of *Sardanapalus*. This gained the prize which entitled him, as Laureate, to a couple of years' residence and study at Rome. What he learned—or, rather, say, what he failed to learn—in Italy he has told, in the language of derision, in his *Reminiscences*. How different in this was he from Mendelssohn, who, in the writer's presence, on hearing musical Rome and the doings in Rome derided, said: "Well, but for the artist there is always Rome to be learned." And yet that Berlioz was as sensible of the influences of the atmosphere of the Eternal City as was the more genial and grateful Prussian, his own writings show unmistakably. His best inspirations are clearly referable to his sojourn in the south, such as his overture to *Le Carnaval Romain*, his *March of Pilgrims in the Abruzzi*, and his entire opera *Benvenuto Cellini*. From Rome Berlioz brought, as fruits of his residence there, his strange overture to *King Lear*, and a symphony entitled *Return to Life*. Among the writer's first musical recollections are the astonishment and derision which these inspired on their assailing the prudish and pedantic connoisseurs of Paris, who were even then reluctantly annealing their ears to receive, without a shiver of disgust, the compositions given out by Beethoven in his golden prime. It may be, however, that one so presumptuous as young Berlioz fancied that it was better to be talked about, it matters not how, than to be passed over, as a respectable mediocrity. But no

other instance could be named in the annals of Music of a like intrepidity (to use the gentlest of epithets) at the outset of any artist's career. How, little by little, Berlioz gained a certain hold on French curiosity, cannot be told in detail here; no small part of his advancement must be ascribed to the sharpness of his tongue, and (so soon as he entered on journalism) to the poignancy of his pen. Further, his intellect and poetical sympathy with other subjects than music, were quick, and directed to original forms of research and exercise. Foremost among these must be noted, as a marked characteristic, that enthusiastic profession of devotion to Shakespeare, which had a large influence on his life and writings. This was evidenced at an early period of his career. A company of English actors was then endeavouring to introduce our dramatist's plays to a sound appreciation in Paris. At the head of the troop was Miss Smithson. With her the young Frenchman fell passionately in love. His suit was coldly received by our tragedy queen, then in the hey-day of her fame. Miss Smithson's career as an actress, however, was cut short by a severe personal accident. On this the constant enthusiast came gallantly forward and renewed his addresses. They were listened to the second time, and Berlioz carried off the prize for which he had so earnestly longed. The marriage was not a happy one, and the unhappiness brought on consequences of estrangement and entanglement which spoiled the later years of the artist. His second wife was Mademoiselle Recio, of the Opéra Comique—a nullity in point of musical and dramatic power, whom few frequenters of that theatre can recollect ever to have seen or heard of. The second marriage proved no happier for the composer than his first had been.

His life was further marked by incidents and associations, strange as belonging to one so severe, and so critical, and who so vehemently denounced everything like charlatanism. It is singular that a man like Paganini, whose music is so regular in its southern ordinance, and who was notoriously miserly and reserved, should have been so bewitched by the young Frenchman's eccentricities, as to attest his delight by making him a magnificent present of money. This, it may be added, could not have arrived more opportunely. A large portion of the donation was spent in the production of his *Romeo and Juliet* symphony. Later when M. Berlioz was in England, he associated himself to a charlatan, in his sphere, as pretending as the professed artist—the never-to-be-forgotten Julien. The same irregularity was to be traced in other of his friendships and professed antipathies.

It is impossible to offer anything like a complete list of his works. It comprises three grand symphonies: *L'Episode dans la vie d'un Artiste*, *Harold in Italy*, and, best, longest, and latest of the three, the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, which, like Beethoven's ninth symphony, is partially choral. There is more than one grand mass; there are several overtures from his pen. There are three operas: *Benvenuto Cellini*, *Beatrice et Benedict* (noticeable

for the graceful duet-notturmo, which closes the first act), and *Les Troyens*, the immoderate length of which rendered the performance of only half the work a necessity. Berlioz probably hoped, as Herr Wagner has since done, that the different portions of the same dramatic tale should be performed on consecutive evenings. Another resemblance by the way exists between him and Herr Wagner; in the two last-named works, the libretti, containing some very graceful verses, were from the musician's own hand. To furnish the text for himself, became habitually the practice of Berlioz. Then there is his small oratorio, *La Fuite en Egypte*—as odd a specimen of combination by haphazard as is registered in the annals of the art. With the after-confessed purpose of satire and mystification, M. Berlioz had written a short scene bearing the above title, with an overture, signing the same with a pseudonyme, Pierre Ducre. Strange to say, this music, produced to mock at everything "calm and classical," was found so exceptionally comprehensible and melodious, that its writer was counselled to extend the work, by showing, as preface, the motive of the flight in the persecutions of Herod, and, as close, the relief of the fugitives on arriving at the land of rest and promise. Berlioz grasped at the suggestion eagerly; and shortly, to words of his own, produced a first and a third part. This additional matter, bearing not the remotest resemblance to the tunable and elegant music which suggested its production, is a marvel of ugliness and eccentricity. As a whole, the oratorio is therefore unproducible, and has nowhere succeeded.

One of the most interesting, most characteristic, and most unequal of the works of M. Berlioz is his *Faust* cantata. How that imperishable legend has tempted some of our best musicians, and what the varieties of its treatment have been, were sketched in this journal some time ago. To avoid recapitulation, it shall only be now said, that the best portions of the cantata, are the scene in the fields which opens the work, the "Flea" song of Mephistopheles and the chorus of Sylphs over the sleeping Faust. The Easter church music is arid without the slightest unction, the soldiers' and students' chorus, forced and uncouth to the last degree, the weird night ride of the Tempter and the Lover hideous and hardly to be executed, so rapid is the music, so harsh are the modulations. The closing apotheosis is mawkish; neither sweet nor elevated. Such chances of acceptance as might have been expected for a work, the tone of which is so pervadingly and prevailingly grim, have probably been swept away—once for all—by the great and universal success of M. Gounod's *Faust*, an opera which has stood the brunt of national abuse and home jealousy, and has passed everywhere throughout Europe.

Thus much of M. Berlioz as a creative musician. As a writer of substantive works, on subjects connected with his art, his value is limited. Of these the most important in appearance is his *Treatise on Instrumentation*. With all his feeling for sonority, this work makes it

obvious, that that which is extreme and odd had the largest share of his sympathies. Many of the examples are drawn from the most overstrained portions of his least happy works: such, for instance, as his *Tempest* cantata, in which the unmeaning chant of Miranda is smothered beneath the weight of an enormous orchestra, which, besides his favourite harps, includes a pair of grand pianos. His idea of the normal organ was derived from the huge, shrieking, encumbered yet essentially feeble machines by Cliquot and Dallery, which made such a huge show and an intolerable noise in the churches of Notre Dame, Sainte Eustache, and Saint Sulpice. It is needless to illustrate further. In respect to the singer's art, his judgment was no less peremptory and unsound, being based on the idea of trampling under foot every idea of free will, spontaneous inspiration, and grace, and reducing the interpreting artist to the condition of a bond slave—no matter what might be the peculiarities or limits of his organisation—no matter what his tendencies in "reading," as the dramatists have it, might be. Some of his arabesques and travelling sketches are smart enough, though many of them are obviously instinct with a personality which must largely destroy an impartial reader's faith in their truthfulness.

As regards his more serious criticisms it cannot be too strongly insisted on, that as a critical musician, who pretended to be in advance of his time, Berlioz was ignorant, insolent, and, it must be added, insincere. Perpetually appealing, as he did, to the highest standards, with an asperity which only the most extended knowledge could justify, he fell into one bad fashion of the time, which has been to deify Bach at Handel's expense: and yet the writer heard from Mendelssohn himself, that Berlioz, while at Leipzig, after receiving and retaining for many days certain manuscripts of the great Cantor existing in the *Thomas Schule*, and to examine which he had expressed the greatest curiosity, returned the packet at last with the seals unbroken! "Yet," said Mendelssohn, quietly, "he gave his opinion about them just the same." Of Handel's music he knew absolutely next to nothing. He laughed Haydn to scorn, as a pedantic old baby in music; ignoring the wondrous combinations of fancy and science of that father of instrumental composition. Mozart fared with him yet worse. He could not be persuaded to hear Elijah to the end. Of course, the Italians, one and all, being melodists, had to bear the brunt of his bitterest injustice; one alone excepted, whom he exalted to the skies. This was Spontini, in whose praise he could never use language too glowing, Spontini being one of the drier of melodists. Of Cherubini he spoke with great reserve and caution. Neither of these, however, can be justly rated as composers of the pure Italian school, as Cimarosa and Paisiello had been. He mowed down Rossini's choruses Faith, Hope, and Charity, thus—"His Hope has cheated ours—his Faith does not move mountains—as to his Charity, it will not ruin him." Most curious in its inconsistency was the severe judgment

passed by him on the music of a kindred spirit, Herr Wagner: yet he could write that amazing opera, *Les Troyens*.

The creative, the critical, and the presiding artist were alike incomplete. When Berlioz was in London as a professed conductor, he had no scruple in more than once standing before an orchestra to superintend the performance of music which he had never rehearsed, nor even perused, such as Mendelssohn's violin concertos. Yet who could write more glibly and sonorously about sincerity and conscience in art than he could? Who be more intensely sarcastic on the slovenly proceedings of those who protested nothing, as compared with himself? In brief, as an example of arrogance in censure, and carelessness in preparation, Berlioz, as a critic, cannot be too plainly characterised for the guidance and warning of those who take on them the responsibility of dealing out praise and blame, and of lecturing a younger generation on the truths, beauties, and purposes of Art.

When, however, Berlioz was in one of his quieter and less antagonistic moods, and confined himself to the very few subjects he had mastered, he could be brilliant, original, and instructive. His criticisms on Gluck's music, whether written or spoken, were deep, truthful, and ingenious. Next in his favour stood the compositions of Beethoven's decay time. After these came the music of Weber. It will be remembered that, to qualify *Der Freischütz* to appear on the stage of grand French Opera, where spoken dialogue is not allowed, he composed musical recitatives. The confusion of these, and their utter absence of charm or dramatic expression, can hardly be overrated.

When M. Berlioz cared to be so, he was admirable as an orchestral conductor—fiery, delicate, precise, and animating; gesticulating, it may be, a little too much, but obviously so thoroughly in earnest, that his directions and gestures had not the offence which always attaches itself to feigned enthusiasm. The only instrument with which he was practically conversant was the guitar. Of the organ, as has been said, he knew nothing. He praised the harp to the skies, and his use of that picturesque, but restricted instrument, was original and effective. Unless memory has strangely exaggerated the facts, at the execution of some numbers of the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony in London, a squadron of ten harps was called in, to be used only in the movement, "*The Fête of the Capulets*." He had ideas of monstrous combinations: of four distant orchestras or more, brought under simultaneous control by the agency of the electric telegraph. Yet what was the most gigantic and ambitious of his devices compared with the orchestra of cannons, by the platoon-firing of which Sarti timed his *Te Deum*, composed on the occasion of the taking of Otsakow by the Russians?

To sum up, the artistic career of Berlioz, cannot be called either a healthy or a happy one. He was devoured by aspirations. One so shrewd as himself, however, must have felt, in the secrecy of self-examination, that

there was no chance of his ever realising them permanently. Sterile in melody, incomplete in science, with a vague, yet passionate sense that something was yet to be done in music, especially in the combination of sounds, as distinguished from the arrangements and expression of thoughts, he bent himself to tasks of a difficulty altogether impossible to overcome. Taking the works of Beethoven's last unhappy years as his point of departure, he tried to improve on his model—forgetting, in the violence of his resolution, that Beethoven's crudest and least well-cemented works, flung out during a period of misery and defiance, still contain a treasure of original ideas which no uncouth treatment or maltreatment could conceal, still less annihilate. It is perfectly true, that he was indulged with occasional outbursts of patronage, as in Russia, Vienna, Baden-Baden, and Weimar. But these, it may be fairly asserted, failed to place him in the solid position of European fame which he coveted. His greatest admirers, as was once pithily remarked, were those who the least understood music. It may be doubted, without any undue scepticism, whether works, so slender in idea, so elaborately and awkwardly overwrought as his, will be long thought worth the trouble of reproduction, now that the personality of their author as a superintendent, the sarcasms of his tongue, and the severities of his pen, are no more.

MELUSINA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

It surprised none of the keen-eyed Golden Islanders that Mrs. Magniac shortly exchanged her name for that of Fonnereau—and reigned at Mon Désir.

To do the lady justice, she betrayed no atom of triumph. Mistress, of course, she was—and mistress she evidently intended to be—but Geraldine had abdicated with a grace and promptitude that left nothing to desire; and Melusina repaid her with a gushing tenderness nothing short of maternal—finding herself, in turn, amply recompensed by the increasing gratitude and confidence of her husband.

Her influence over the latter augmented, almost daily. Poor Geraldine, while unable to point to any one act or word, on the part of her stepmother, to justify her suspicion, became sensible that she was gradually undermining the attachment that had hitherto subsisted between her father and herself. If this conviction—always bitterly present to her mind—occasionally tinged her speech, Melusina would meet it with a patient smile—or, what was more intolerable, a glance of intelligent appeal, to her husband—which, if it produced no present result, satisfied GERAL-

dine that she would form an early subject of discussion between the pair.

Unluckily, the overbearing conduct of La Pareuse, at this time begat dissensions in the lower house. This woman had conceived a violent aversion to Geraldine's maid—and so malignant and threatening was her demeanour, that the young lady deemed it best to allow the girl to seek another situation.

In departing, the latter, who was much attached to Geraldine, wept bitterly. Miss Fonnereau consoled her.

"'Tain't for myself, miss," sobbed Alice. "Don't ye comfort *me*—but do—oh, do as I'm a-doing.—Go!"

Geraldine long remembered the strange, wistful look the girl bent upon her, as she hurried from the room and house.

A well-timed incident now occurred. Geraldine received a pressing invitation from the kind Superior of the convent in which she had passed so many happy days, to revisit that tranquil spot.

Reluctant, indeed, to leave her father—yet growing, hourly, less content at home—Geraldine overbore the faint opposition that was made to her acceptance of the proposal—and quickly found herself once again among the loving sisterhood.

Weeks soon grew to months, and there was no talk of Geraldine's return (indeed, at this time no pretext was required, as the young lady, suffering from a severe sprain, was unable to quit the sofa), when a letter, containing another for Geraldine, reached the Superior. It was from Mrs. Fonnereau, and entreated that the sad tidings she had to communicate might be carefully broken to her dear child.

Colonel Fonnereau had died suddenly.

Nothing could be more tender and considerate than the language of this letter. Mrs. Fonnereau was evidently heart-stricken by her sudden bereavement, and found consolation only—next Heaven—in the hope of shortly mingling her tears with those of her beloved child.

"You have an earthly mother yet, my love," remarked the kind Superior, through her tears, as she folded up the letter.

Disabled from looking once more upon the benign face, thus suddenly turned away, Geraldine preferred the consolations she had already found, and without proposing to return home, waited patiently for whatever fate Heaven should send her.

It now transpired that the colonel's affairs were in a more prosperous condition than he had supposed. Certain shares, which Fonnereau, an indifferent man of busi-

ness, had laid aside as comparatively worthless, turned out to be of considerable market value. More unexpected still, the defaulting agent, who had carried with him a part of the purchase-money of the West India estate, in a form not easy to negotiate, soothed his conscience to a certain extent, by restoring the same.

These incidents, unluckily, only followed the colonel's death. Unaware that his available assets quadrupled the loan he had accepted from Melusina, the honest gentleman by his will bequeathed every shilling that remained to him, in reduction of that debt. Lastly—"confiding absolutely," said the will, "in the oft-repeated promise of my dear wife that she will ever regard and treat my beloved daughter as if the latter were her own child—I commit our Geraldine to her sole control and guardianship, until she shall come of age or be married."

The Lady of the Sea had won indeed!

The discovery of her position was a thunderstroke to Geraldine, and cost her bitter tears. The loss of her inheritance she might have borne, since it seemed, in a measure, due to accident; but that her father, so loving and considerate, should have delivered up his darling, bound hand and foot, to the woman whom, alone of all living, she hated, and whose objects she had openly, though vainly, opposed, *this* proved the existence of some sinister power which might still be exerted to her harm.

There was no help—but there was hope. Melusina's nature might have benefited by later associations. Her language was open and affectionate. Geraldine felt that she might be doing her injustice. Nevertheless, she clung instinctively to her present happy refuge, and would have been content to remain for ever. At last, however, the summons came.

Mrs. Fonnereau wrote that she had disposed of *Mon Désir*, and engaged a residence better suited to their feelings and circumstances. It was a large old mansion known as "Leafy Dell," situated in a very quiet neighbourhood, where she and her child might, with little interruption, enjoy the sad but sweet remembrance of happy days gone by. Geraldine must (she added with sweet authority) give her first proof of duty by joining her there immediately.

This was accompanied by a letter to the Superior, to the same effect; with the addition that the writer, in accordance with a promise given to her husband, in his last hours, intended to withdraw, for the present, from the world, and devote herself, wholly

and exclusively, to the training, education, and general welfare of his child.

Again the kind Superior acknowledged, with tears, the honesty of purpose that could induce a person of Mrs. Fonnereau's tastes and habits, to act as she proposed.

But Geraldine's pale cheeks flushed.

"Education!" she repeated, slowly—"I am sixteen!—Training!—*Hers?*"

The Superior hinted something about "finishing masters."

"In that neighbourhood, my mother!" said Geraldine, gloomily.

Her friend found it difficult to comfort the poor girl. The very prospect of the exclusive companionship of Melusina—without mention of her strange, repulsive follower—was abhorrent to her. There was but one reassuring reflection:

"Your father must have loved her," said the Superior.

And Geraldine went.

If Leafy Dell was situated in a "quiet neighbourhood," it had its own excellent reasons. People do not, as a rule, prefer to reside in the immediate vicinity of a madhouse, and such, up to a recent period, had been the character of the dwelling Mrs. Fonnereau had selected. The establishment had been mismanaged. There were dark rumours of maltreatment of the unhappy inmates. At all events, it was broken up, and reorganised elsewhere, the proprietor trusting to a low rent, and the really beautiful, but gloomy and neglected grounds, to find more eligible occupants.

Any one peeping into the vast drawing-room of Leafy Dell, at this time, might have seen Mrs. Fonnereau in close consultation with a lady tall of stature—with stern, handsome features, and a hand which, as it lay open on the table, showed white as snow, yet large and muscular as that of a man.

She was there in consequence of an advertisement which (for we write no fiction) may be read in the *Times* of that date.

"GOVERNESS WANTED. To undertake the undivided charge, and complete the education of a pupil whose mind and talents have been misdirected—whose nature is morose and difficult—and for whose improvement the union of womanly instruction with *masculine firmness* is absolutely essential. Qualities adapted to this exceptional case will command a most liberal reward. Address, &c."

To judge by the countenances and mutual demeanour of the pair, their acquaintance, though but a few hours old, had ripened into an excellent understand-

ing. Their confidence almost resembled conspiracy—else, why—when the hollow-sounding house-bell announced an arrival—should they start, and exchange a meaning grasp of the hand—followed by the abrupt departure of the strange, strong woman from the room?

Mrs. Fonnereau received Geraldine with a tenderness only qualified by that sweet maternal superiority that became her new position towards the lonely girl. Her step-child liked this better—it was more real—and began to think the intercourse would prove more tolerable than her fears foretold. She resolved to do her utmost to love the woman her father had loved, and with whom her lot seemed inevitably cast.

As they sat together in the dusk, awaiting dinner, Mrs. Fonnereau began to speak of "education."

"I declare you have grown quite French, my love," she said, laughing sweetly, but a little reprovingly.

"French is almost my natural tongue," said Geraldine, quietly. "Little else is spoken by the sisters."

"We must forget the sisters," returned her stepmother. "Your dear father was thoroughly English. His tastes, habits, and wishes were my law. We shall, I trust, undo much that has been mislearned, and commence anew. And take note, sweet one, I shall expect implicit obedience! Not one rebellious word!"

"I have been accustomed to consider my education completed, mad—mamma, that is," said Geraldine, haughtily. "May I ask in what I am to benefit by your instruction?"

"In nothing, love," replied Melusina. "Mine is but an affectionate supervision. I leave all *that* to Mrs. Manning."

"Mrs. Manning!"

"Your governess."

"Governess!" repeated Miss Fonnereau. "A governess? *For me?*"

Melusina uttered a little silvery laugh, and her eyes sent a cat-like glance through the darkening room. She made no other reply.

"Please to remember," resumed Geraldine, her bosom heaving, "that I am already a woman."

"Do not make me forget it, dear," replied her stepmother, sweetly. "Want of filial obedience and docility must be reckoned as childish faults, and dealt with accordingly."

"Want of—I do not understand you," said Geraldine, rising.

"Hush—I beg! Compose yourself, my

dear," said her stepmother, in a reassuring tone. "Do not alarm our good Mrs. Manning, who will be here in a moment, with so early a display of what I must call—temper. Please to remember, in your turn, that your father, dear soul! confided you to my sole care. You have—have we not all?—faults to correct, deficiencies to make good. Alone, I am unequal to such a task. I have therefore—Hush, here she is."

The door had opened, and Mrs. Manning's stately figure moved darkly up the room. Geraldine felt that there was something imposing in the stern yet gracious manner of her greeting, and, overawed despite herself, went through the ceremony of introduction as though in a dream.

That evening was a strange one to Geraldine. The novelty of her position, the manner of her companions, her own doubt and sorrow, her wounded pride—these, altogether, cowed her spirit. Some irresistible power seemed to be compelling her, struggle as she would, to accept the circumstances in which fate had placed her. What if she did? Only for a short time longer; she was past sixteen. Could they pretend to treat her as a child? A prompt and cheerful acquiescence might be the wiser course. And with that resolution, made on her pillow, the poor child wept herself to sleep, and dreamed of her father.

The next day lessons began. Mrs. Manning examined her, calmly and rigidly, neither praising her acquirements nor noticing shortcomings; then, briefly laying out a general plan of study, supplied her with the needful books, and left her to tasks of no slight description. Her manner, without actual severity, was hard and distant. Nevertheless, Geraldine did not despair of conciliating her, and, in pursuance of her overnight determination, applied herself heartily to her work.

Her reward was a half smile, and a glance which at once expressed surprise and taught Geraldine that her governess's aim had been to test her abilities to the utmost.

Later the three walked in the sombre grounds, Melusina cold, but gentle; Mrs. Manning lofty and didactic; Geraldine sad and thoughtful, with a singular prescience of some impending evil whose nature she could not divine. One thing only was clear. It was intended to make her understand that she was a child again, without independence of movement or of mind. She could not repress a shudder as she glanced at the dismal mansion, with its huge strong portals and barred casements,

and noticed that through the gloomy avenues that encircled it no human dwelling was visible.

The next day, and the next, and the next, Miss Fonnereau observed that her lessons were gradually augmented. Also, that her governess, far from commending her proficiency, seemed rather disappointed at finding no cause of rebuke; still she worked on. The company of her hardest books was preferable to that of Melusina, who affected to have no business, uninvited, in what was called the "schoolroom."

One morning Geraldine, in replying to her governess, made use (as she had often done before) of a French expression.

"Speak English, if you please, Miss Fonnereau," said Mrs. Manning, corrugating her stern white brows.

"It is so habitual with me," pleaded Geraldine.

"No reply. I have warned you," said Mrs. Manning.

Geraldine coloured, and glanced at her preceptress. Again, the sense of her helpless position seemed to chain her tongue. She bowed her head, and again promised herself to do what she might to obey.

Habits, however, are not to be overcome at a word. Next morning the dreadful offence was repeated.

"This is unfortunate," said the governess, coldly, and closing the book she had in her hand. "I must correct you."

"Correct me!" exclaimed Geraldine, flushing scarlet. "For what? And how?"

"For disobedience. With *this*," was the deliberate reply.

Mrs. Manning rose, and going to a cabinet, unlocked it, and produced a small and thin, but spiteful-looking, riding-rod.

The sight of the humiliating instrument was too much.

"Great heavens, madam!" cried Geraldine, starting up; "are you going to assault me?"

"Bare your neck and shoulders," answered Mrs. Manning, composedly as ever. "We call it chastisement."

"I will die first!" exclaimed Geraldine, bursting into a passion of tears. "I am going to acquaint Mrs. Fonnereau of this outrage."

"That may be best," replied Mrs. Manning. And she laid down the whip.

Melusina was tranquilly at work, when Geraldine, panting and weeping, burst into the room, and related the insult she had received.

Mrs. Fonnereau's slightly enamelled features betrayed no sympathy. She even

smiled. This, however, passed, and she looked steadily at the agitated girl.

"Geraldine, my dear, you quite forget yourself. You call upon me, with authority, to dismiss this excellent lady, whose aid I have, at great personal sacrifice to myself, secured on your behalf. Her invariable condition is, that no one interferes with her system of education. To resist is to lose her. I have been compelled to pay her highly, in advance. Dismissal is out of the question. But what I can do I will. Let us go back to her."

She drew her stepchild's arm within her own. It felt like the coil of a snake. The reception of her just complaint had given shape to her indefinite misgiving. Geraldine was already convinced that a secret understanding existed between the two women to degrade and mortify—perhaps maltreat her. What was to be done?

"For my sake, dear Mrs. Manning," said Melusina, with a sweet, entreating smile, as they re-entered, "you will forgive my wilful one—will you not?"

"At your request. For this time," replied that imperturbable lady. Then, turning icily to her pupil: "Music next, if you please."

The next morning, Geraldine, the tumult of whose mind had rendered her unfit for study, found her tasks once more augmented. She lost heart, and, on a sharp reproof from her governess, flung down the book, declaring she could do no more. If she intended to kill her, she might.

"I do not destroy; I mend," said Mrs. Manning, unimpassioned as ever. And once more the riding-rod appeared.

"By what right do you offer me this outrage, defenceless as I am?" cried Geraldine, indignantly. "You are stronger than I, it is true; but lay one finger on me, and I will shriek till I am heard and rescued."

"Spare your cries," replied the governess. "There is no one within hearing of this house who will not disregard them. As for my strength—look here."

She caught Geraldine's wrists in one hand.

The action manacled her, as it were, with rings of steel. Nor that alone; it seemed to paralyse her entire frame. At the same moment the woman fixed her great gloomy eyes upon her with a stare so concentrated and menacing, that the poor girl, sickening with terror, felt as if she were in the clutches of some furious beast.

"Spare me!" she gasped. "I will—will obey!"

"Well for yourself that you have done so. Bare your neck and shoulders."

Mrs. Manning released the trembling hands, which had hardly strength to do the office commanded. They did it at length; and Geraldine's fair neck and round pearl-white shoulders received the first angry touch they had ever known. The strokes were few, perhaps slight; but each elicited a low cry—the plaint of wounded delicacy, not of pain.

Then her governess locked up the whip, and left the room.

It would be useless to dwell upon the anguish of the succeeding moments. The thought that *she*—the tenderly-nurtured child, the darling of the kind convent sisterhood, the grown accomplished woman—should be exposed to the punishment of a child—worse, of a slave! Geraldine gazed wildly round, and waved her arms as if for help. Then the thought of escape occurred. She flew to the barred casement.

There, without, as if anticipating her intent, stood, like a motionless sentinel, the horrible La Pareuse! Geraldine fancied she saw upon her ghastly face a grin of exultation. From that moment she felt her situation hopeless.

In effect, the victory was already gained. An idea that they intended to render her mad, and, if thwarted, might use some dreadful violence, took possession of her perturbed mind. She ceased to resent or oppose the orders given her.

Mrs. Manning did not use her triumph nobly. She increased the tasks, she repeated (and increased) the correction, until, one day, mad with pain and shame, Geraldine broke in upon her stepmother, and, turning her beautiful wealed shoulders to her gaze:

"See!" she exclaimed—"cruel heartless woman! See how I am used under your roof—perhaps with your sanction—the child of the man whose wishes were your law—*your* law! Is *this* your tenderness and care? Did you take my inheritance—almost, alas! my father's love—away from me, and are these shameful lashes your inhuman return?"

Melusina turned her green lambent eyes slowly on the speaker.

"And you dare address this speech to me?" she said, in a low creeping tone, and, rising, seemed to uncoil like a surprised snake that shows its fangs. "Reproaches to me? complaints to me? Then take the truth. Do you conceive, you little fool, that I have not read you from

the first—that I was insensible to the hatred and contempt you dared to feel towards a woman every way your superior?—your disparagement of me to your simple fool of a father?—your arts and wiles to defeat my marriage? No, girl. I knew them all. It was a doubtful battle, but you are defeated, and I have you prisoner, bound and fettered. I hate you. Do you hear? Your shame and sufferings are of my invention. I took this solitary den, I hired this truculent woman to help me to humble your proud heart, destroy your beauty, degrade you, body and soul, at my feet. Yes, my pet—my ‘pussy,’ as you loved to be called—the ‘mermaid’ has got the better of the cat, and she cannot save her glossy skin! To your keeper!”

Geraldine had scarcely heard the concluding words. Stricken with surprise and terror, she had sunk in a senseless heap on the floor.

A severe illness followed, of which she remembered little. When she recovered, a change had come over her whole being. Her loveliness had faded, but the change in her whole system was more touching still. Her high spirit had departed. Oppressed and hopeless, she submitted wearily to any tyranny the two women chose to inflict.

At length even Mrs. Manning, the impassive, began to tire. She had, at least, the doubtful merit of disliking non-resistance. As a beast of prey, she was of that nobler sort that prefers a hunt and a scuffle.

Passing near Geraldine’s room, one day, and fancying she heard her voice, she looked in. The inmate was kneeling at the window, her thin hands clasping the bars.

“What are you doing, my dear?” inquired the governess, tenderer than usual, she knew not why.

Geraldine turned her white worn face to her.

“Trying to forgive you!” she answered.

Her governess looked fixedly at her, and retired without a word.

Five minutes later she walked, with her usual measured stateliness, into the drawing-room.

“I am sorry,” she said to Mrs. Fonnereau, “to seem abrupt, but I leave you this day.”

“To return—when?”

“Never.”

“Never? And—the money—the three hundred?”

“Is here,” said Mrs. Manning, placing some notes upon the table, with her habitual

grace—“excepting only the wages of an upper domestic, which I have ventured to retain. I may be an instrument of severity; my necessities may have tempted me to become one of revenge; but I am opposed, on principle, to murder; and, with permission, these words shall be our last.”

She curtsied, and, in ten minutes, had quitted Leafy Dell.

“It matters not,” said Melusina, to herself. “Money saved. I can manage her alone, *now*.”

Let us draw the veil over the cruelty that ensued. It is possible that Mrs. Manning’s sinister augury might have been fulfilled. But rescue was at hand, and coming fast, from an unexpected quarter.

The reader may remember the name of a certain Lieutenant Haldimand, R.N., who, at a certain pic-nic, had made the acquaintance of Miss Fonnereau. He had never forgotten the beautiful girl, and, with a constancy rarely seen in these later times, embraced the very first opportunity to revisit the isle that contained his treasure. He traced her to the convent. He traced her to Leafy Dell. While devising means for renewing his acquaintance, hitherto of the slightest, with the inmates of that residence, he, as by special providence, fell in with Alice Corham, Geraldine’s faithful maid, who, in consequence of some dark rumour concerning her beloved mistress, was hovering in the neighbourhood, hoping to obtain information.

That which she had to communicate so startled and alarmed young Haldimand, that, being a man of action, he rode straightway to Leafy Dell, and, entering almost unopposed, presented himself to Mrs. Fonnereau, as one charged with a mission to her step-daughter, with whom he politely begged an interview.

Melusina, on account of the “dear girl’s” health, was compelled to refuse; but did so in her sweetest manner, and exercised so many fascinations, that the young man, puzzled, bewildered, and half admiring, began to think his informant in error, and, a little ashamed at having so misjudged the still beautiful creature before him, took reluctant leave.

“What fools are men!” soliloquised the victorious Melusina, as she gazed at her own face in the mirror that night, La Pareuse caressing her hair. “He has been idolising that miserable thing above: he showed me his errand and his heart at once! And for all that, I could win him from her. *I!*—ah! that would be the

crowning triumph! But then—these lines—these lines.” And she touched her tinted cheek, where La Pareuse’s utmost skill had failed in its combat with time!

The white negro stooped her woolly head to her mistress’s ear, and whispered. The latter started, and gazed at her.

“You are jesting!”

“My life upon it. It is certain. The smoothness and beauty of a morning rose, *yourself*—again sixteen.”

“La Pareuse, it is horrible.”

“To *her*, madame means?” grinned the negro.

“To me. Tell me, La Pareuse, do they hang, in this land, for—*for murder*?” asked Mrs. Fonnereau.

“It is not murder. I will take care of this, my most lovely neck!” said La Pareuse, laying her finger, with unaffected love and admiration, on her mistress’s. “But a few drops. Bright as a rose! *To-morrow*? he will come again to-morrow.”

“To-morrow,” replied Melusina, faintly. “Go, *now*.”

Lieutenant Haldimand did come to-morrow. But he had learned more—*much* more—and being, as I have said, a man of action, came armed with two useful weapons, a doctor’s certificate and a magistrate’s search-warrant, and accompanied by the doctor himself, and a constable.

Proceeding to the back, or kitchen-entrance, the constable took charge of an alarmed young lady, who acted as scullion, and general drudge to La Pareuse. By her, they were directed straight to the apartment occupied by Miss Fonnereau, the door of which stood open.

With stealthy steps, the visitors approached. Heavy breathing, and moans were audible within. Another step, and La Pareuse could be seen, kneeling at the foot of Geraldine’s bed. So intent was she on her occupation, that the doctor laid his hand upon her shoulder, before she was aware of his presence.

“Bleeding to death, ah!” he said, taking from her hand a basin half-filled, and, pushing the woman aside with his foot, hastily stanching the blood that was streaming from a vein punctured in each of the poor girl’s white attenuated feet.

“Take her, constable,” said Haldimand. “Now, woman, where is your fiend of a mistress?”

“Don’t hurt me. It is not murder!” shrieked the woman. “She is not even hurt. I gave her a sleeping potion. Look—she is awaking!”

“Not hurt!” cried the indignant doctor. “Take blood from a shadow like that, and tell me she is not hurt!”

“We only borrowed it,” said La Pareuse, sullenly.

“‘Borrowed’ it!” echoed the doctor.

“It was for my mistress, to keep her beautiful. Books say that if you touch your face with the living blood of a pure young thing like that, the beauty comes again.”

“Books? Devils’ books. Fagh!” growled the doctor. “Where’s your mistress, you old witch?”

“At her toilette.”

“Let us help. Come, Haldimand.”

They ran down stairs.

“Go you first,” said the doctor, pushing La Pareuse forward. The latter entered the chamber.

The next moment she uttered a shriek so piercing that it was heard, people said, at the distance of a mile. All rushed in.

The graceful figure of Melusina was seated at the toilette-table. She was leaning her cheek on her hand, but the finger tips were crimsoned, and the still and fearful face, reflected in the mirror, bore streaks and patches of the same hue. Instinctively the men shrunk back. There was little need of La Pareuse’s shriek of agony.

“Dead! Dead! Dead!”

In the emotion of that horrible toilette, some vessel had given way, and her own blood had actually mingled with that which this wretched slave of vanity and passion was using, as she hoped, for her own adornment, and the success of an evil end.

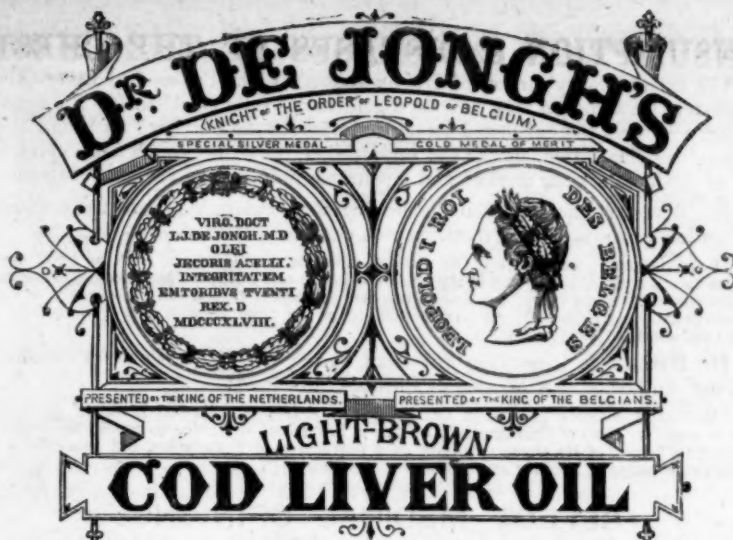
Geraldine lived to regain her beauty, and reward her gallant rescuer, and Leafy Dell resembles its former self only in name.

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[For further Select Medical Opinions see other side.]

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